

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, July 30, 1876, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel Hubbard To Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Siasconset Nantucket. Sunday, July 30, 1876. My dear Alec:

"No letters", "no letters" has been the answer to my inquiries for the past three days, almost the last thing I heard at night and the first that greeted me this morning. I feel quite justified in being dreadfully disappointed and allowing the feeling to influence my day for I know it is not your fault. If I did I would not say much about it. I am not left quite desolate however, two nice little notes came from Berta last night, one enclosing your mother's letter to Mamma and though it told me nothing I did not know, it was still pleasant to have something from you. And today Cousin Sam pointed out to me a long article in "The Congregationalist" entitled "Making the Dumb to Speak". It was no matter that the paper was nearly a week old and contained very little information, it was about you and your work. It was written by Armanda B. Harris and begins by speaking of your charts and proofs at Philadelphia. I would try to send it to you, but I presume you have seen it. Miss Eliot leaves here Wednesday morning at five and I go with her. She does not go all the way to Boston but I shall not mind a two hour solitary ride. I will buy some things to read, but promise not to use them much. After you receive this and before too I hope, please write to me at home. I shall be very glad to get back, but truly sorry to leave Sconset and my dear friends here. They have done all they could to 2 make me happy and if I have been longing and longing to be in my own home again it is not their fault.

Our expedition to Nantucket yesterday was a success. We climbed the bell tower and had a lovely view of the island. We were much interested by an ingenious look we saw up there. It consists of an axis on which four brass rings revolve. On each ring are the letters of the alphabet arranged in order, one under the other. The person who shuts the

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lock thinks of a word of four letters and fixes the rings so as to spell the word. No one can open it unless they can guess the word and arrange the rings. You can conceive how hard it would be to find that word. After reading an account of the bell, which is a beautiful Portuguese one originally intended for a convent near Lisbon and which the Old South at one time coveted, we left the church and went to have our tintypes taken. Miss Eliot's was the best. Carrie took her hair down and was photographed first with her back turned to the spectator and last with only a sharp profile visible. Carrie's hair is really beautiful and she had it taken to show to a friend of hers in Europe who is proud of it. Mine — Well I may send you one and I may not. Carrie likes the expression. Cousin Mary says it looks like a child of twelve. After that, no, before, we were weighed. I the most and Miss Eliot the less. Carrie has gained four pounds and I lost two to my great joy.

He never bathe Sundays, but Cousin Mary and I went down to the beach and watched the young men bathe. They are beautiful swimmers and it was a very pretty sight to watch them, especially when they dived under a wave and swam on its crest.

3

I am very anxious to hear about the wedding. Did your cousin like the cups? I hope you did not give her the one I intended for your mother. It would be rather embarrassing if you did.

Gardiner is recovering the use of his eyes and is better generally, but he is still very ugly and his fingers red and swollen.

With much love to you all.

Yours lovingly.